

# The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME I.

DOWAGIAC, CASS COUNTY, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1859.

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## The Republican.

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## Business Directory.

### PROFESSIONAL.

**C. P. PRINDLE, M. D.,**  
Office, at his Residence, Dowagiac, Michigan.

**JUSTUS GAGE,**  
Notary Public, Office with Sullivan, front room, second floor, Jones' Brick Block.

**GEO. W. ANDREWS,**  
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office at the American House, on the corner of Front and Division streets.

**D. H. WAGNER,**  
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

**JAMES SULLIVAN,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

**CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass County, Mich.

**HENRY H. COOLIDGE,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Edwardsburgh, Cass Co., Mich.

**CHARLES W. CLISBEE,**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, and Notary Public, Cassopolis, Cass Co., Mich. Collections made, and the proceeds promptly remitted.

**DR. E. R. ALLEN,**  
Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Office over Dr. Allen's Hardware Store, Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

### MERCHANTS.

**GEORGE RAPPLE,**  
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Gold Pins, Cutlery and Musical Instruments, Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**A. N. ALWARD,**  
General Dealer in Books, Stationery, Gold Pens, School, Miscellaneous and Law Books, Blank Books, etc. All the leading daily, weekly and monthly periodicals received regularly. Denison Block, Dowagiac, Mich.

**H. W. RUGG,**  
Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Front St. Dowagiac, Mich. Strict personal attention paid to repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry. All work warranted.

**G. C. JONES & CO.,**  
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Glassware, Hats and Caps. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**F. G. LAZELLE,**  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Crockery, Hats and Caps, Glassware, Paints and Oils, Hardware, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**M. M. STONE,**  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Fancy Goods, Boots and Shoes, and Yankee Notions. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**D. W. CLEMMER,**  
Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Perfumery, Groceries, &c. Front St. Dowagiac, Mich.

**IRA BROWNELL,**  
Dealer in Hardware, Tinware, Stores, Agricultural Implements, &c., &c. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

**M. S. COBB,**  
Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Leather and Findings. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

**JOHN PIPER,**  
Amateur Artist. Likenesses taken on short notice, and warranted not to fade. Children's pictures taken in one second. Operating in Rooms over F. J. Jones' Store, Dowagiac, Mich. Also, fine Boots made to order.

**P. D. BECKWITH,**  
Mechanic and Engineer. Foundry and Machine Shop at the foot of Front Street, near the railroad bridge, Dowagiac, Mich.

**H. B. DENMAN,**  
Blanking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

**EXCHANGE HOTEL,**  
By John Letts. Directly opposite the Passenger Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

### Michigan Central Railroad.

**PASSENGER TRAINS** on the Michigan Central Railroad, on and after Monday, December 27th, trains will run Dowagiac as follows:

**TRAINS WESTWARD.**

New York Express, 12.30 A. M.  
Night Express, 6.35 A. M.  
Mail Express, 5.30 P. M.

**TRAINS EASTWARD.**

New York Express, 10.45 A. M.  
Night Express, 1.22 A. M.  
Mail Express, 1.10 P. M.

R. N. RICE, Gen'l Supt.

### RIBLES.

Of every variety and price, from 25 cents to \$15.00. Testaments from 10c to \$2.00. For sale at the Bible Society's Price, at

WILLIAM GRISWOLD, Dowagiac, February 3, 1859. feb3-11

### Mortgage Sale.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, bearing date on the eleventh day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight, executed by Chas. J. Fox to Davidson Gardner, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds, in Cass County, Michigan, on the twelfth day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, in Liber G, of Mortgages, on page five hundred and one, on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of ninety dollars and eighty-one cents, to recover which no suit or proceedings at law have been instituted.

Notice is therefore hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, now become operative, the premises described to wit: All that certain tract or parcel of land known and described as follows, to wit: Lots in the village of Dowagiac, in the county of Cass and State of Michigan, at the corner of Commercial and New York streets, viz: Lots in the western half of lot eighty-seven and eighty-eight, being about three rods on Commercial street, and eight rods rear along New York street, will be sold at Public Vendue, at the Court House in Cassopolis, in said county, on the twenty-second day of April, at one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, to satisfy the amount then due on said mortgage, and costs.

Dated January 17th, 1859.  
DAVIDSON GARDNER, Mortgagee.  
JAMES M. SPENCER, Att'y.

### MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the payment of a certain sum of money secured to be paid by Indenture Mortgage, bearing date the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D. 1851—executed by John Clark, of Cass County, Michigan, to Justus Gage, Administrator of the estate of Stephen B. Clark, deceased, said County, and duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of said County, in Liber D of Mortgages, on page 247 and 248, on the twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1851, which said Mortgage was duly assigned by the said Justus Gage to Stephen C. Crane, on the twenty-third day of December, 1858, which assignment was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for said County of Cass, in Liber F of Mortgages, on page 418 and 419, on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1856, and the amount claimed to be due on said Mortgage at the date of this notice being six hundred and two dollars and five cents, and the time for the payment of said sum of money having expired, and no suit or proceedings at law or equity having been instituted for the recovery of said sum of money or any part thereof; Therefore, notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage, and in pursuance of the statute in such case made and provided, the premises described in said Mortgage, to wit: The west half of the north west quarter of section eleven, town five, south of range fifteen west, containing eighty acres, situated, lying and being in said County of Cass, will be sold at public auction on Monday, the eleventh day of April, A. D. 1859, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the Court House in Cassopolis, in said County of Cass.

STEPHEN C. CRANE, Assignee.  
A. J. SMITH, Attorney.  
Dated January 11th, 1859. jan11-35w13

### MORTGAGE SALE.

DEFAULT having been made in the condition of a Mortgage dated December eighteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty, executed by Strath Bowling and Catharine his wife, to Nicholas Block, and which was on the same day recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Cass County, Michigan, in Liber F of Mortgages, on pages 614 and 615, on which Mortgage there is due at the date of this notice, the sum of one hundred and ninety dollars and ninety cents, and to recover which no suit or proceedings at law have been instituted; notice is therefore hereby given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said Mortgage, now operative, the mortgaged premises, to wit: Lot 179, in the original plat of the village of Dowagiac, in the County of Cass, will be sold at public vendue, at the Court House in Cassopolis, in said County of Cass, on the eleventh day of April next, at twelve o'clock noon, to satisfy the amount then due on said Mortgage, and costs.

NICHOLAS BLOCK, Mortgagee.  
N. B. HOLMAN, Attorney.  
Dated January 5th, 1859. jan5-37w13

### Assignee's Sale.

A FARM in Newburg township, half a mile south of Bear Creek Saw Mill, and 2 1/2 miles northeast of Vandell, containing 300 acres, all under good fence, with 90 acres under the plow, and 60 acres mowed. The soil is good, being a mixture between heavy timber and oak and hickory openings, with an undergrowth of hazel and grape. The place there is a small house, 22 x 26, with 100 feet long; frame barn 15 x 24; two young orchards, just come into bearing; two good wells of water, also running water for stock. There is a good cranberry marsh on the premises. The place will be sold whole or in part, to suit the purchaser. A good road runs through the place, so that it is in direct communication with the river. Price—from \$12 to \$16 per acre, according to the way it is divided.

TERMS—From one-fourth to one-third down, and the balance in payments to suit the purchaser.

Reference—Joseph Smith, at Cassopolis, or John A. Smith, at the premises. For further information, inquire of Justus Gage, at Dowagiac.

ORSON RUDIN, Assignee of John A. Smith.  
January 13, 1859. jan13-35w13

### Dowagiac Union School.

THIS SCHOOL is now well established, graded and classified on the plan of the best schools of this State, and under the supervision of F. W. MURPHY, will give perfect satisfaction to its patrons.

The School year will be divided into three terms. The WINTER TERM 14 weeks will commence on MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1859.

THE SUMMER TERM, of 14 weeks, will commence on MONDAY, MAY 10th, 1859.

**Terms of Tuition—Foreign Scholars.**

Primary, . . . \$2.50. Senior, . . . \$5.00.  
Junior, . . . 3.00. Academic, . . . 4.00.  
Languages, . . . \$5.00.

F. W. MURPHY, Director.  
Dowagiac, Dec. 16th, 1858. dec23-35y1

### LIVERY.

**A. J. GARDNER & CO.,**  
Would respectfully inform the citizens of Dowagiac and surrounding country, that they are prepared at all times to furnish those who may favor them with a call.

**Good and Substantial Livery Stock!**  
Which for quality of Horses, neatness of "turn-outs" and low prices cannot be surpassed.

We respectfully solicit a share of the patronage of the citizens and drivers, wishing anything in our line. Stable on Front Street.

A. J. GARDNER & CO.  
Sept. 30th 1858. n30y1

### TO THE LADIES.

**AT COST.**  
THE undersigned would announce to her friends and the public generally, that having purchased the Stock of

**MILLINERY GOODS,**  
formerly belonging to H. E. Ellis, will offer the same for the next thirty days, at Cost.

January 5th, 1859. S. E. METCALF. jan5-37w1

### ATTENTION ALL.

**New Store & New Goods**  
At Smith's New Brick Store,  
One Door West of H. Biglow's Cabinet Shop.

WE have just received a large lot of Choice Family Groceries which we are offering at WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, at very low figures. Our Stock of

SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS & TOBACCO, are equal to any that has been offered in the market. We have great quantities in offering our Stock to the public, that they will at all times find our Goods of the

**Best Quality.**  
Produce taken in exchange for Groceries.  
WILLIAM GRISWOLD,  
Dowagiac, December 29th, 1858. dec29-35w13

### The Rose Bush.

FROM THE GERMANY.

A child sleeps under the rose bush fair,  
The buds swell out in the soft May air;  
Sweetly it rests, and on dream wings flies  
To play with the angels in Paradise  
And the years glide by.

A maiden stands by the rose bush fair,  
The dewy blossoms perfume the air;  
She presses her hand to her throbbing breast,  
With love's first wonderful rapture blest,  
And the years glide by.

A mother kneels by the rose bush fair,  
Soft sigh the leaves in the evening air;  
Sorrowing thoughts of the past arise,  
And tears of anguish bedim her eyes,  
And the years glide by.

Naked and lone stands the rose-bush fair,  
Whirled are the leaves in the autumn air,  
Withered and dead they fall to the ground,  
And silently cover a new-made mound,  
And the years glide by.

Dated Jan. 17th, 1859.

### The Broken Hearted or, Crime its own Avenger.

A NEW LEAF FROM A WELL KNOWN HISTORY.

We recently published a letter in which Harlow Case, the defaulting Collector of Sandusky, announced the decease of the unhappy woman who accompanied his flight, and implored the forgiveness of her husband. Under the title we have given above, a missionary correspondent of the Boston

*Watchman and Reflector* describes an interview with the guilty pair, which took place shortly before death hurried away the mother and the child whom she had made the companion of her wanderings. The subject is a painful one, but the writer describes so feelingly and truthfully the self-inflicted misery of Case and his partner in guilt, that we reproduce his narrative:

"What thought the spicy breeze  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile."

Curiously enough, I was just repeating this stanza, when my new acquaintance called for me. I had met him while on a business visit to Ceylon, as a countryman of mine, and was pleased with the opportunity that afforded me a more intimate personal knowledge.

I thought myself fortunate in falling in with so agreeable a gentleman, and considered his face and manners peculiarly refined. On our second meeting I noticed a singular restlessness of the handsome dark eyes, an irritable bitterness of the lips, and a disposition to be constantly on the move, shown in the tapping of a light bamboo cane, or the motion of foot or hand.

These things, however, did not strike me as singular at the time, but coupled with what I afterwards learned, were certain evidence that the man felt already the gnawings of the worm that never dies.

One afternoon we left the little seat port town where I was sojourning, and rode a short distance into the interior of the gorgeous Island. Most gorgeous were the surroundings on every hand. With a prodigality quite undreamed of by the inhabitants of a colder climate, nature had showered her most exquisite floral gifts everywhere. Trees loaded with sweet smelling flowers, their intense colors vying with the foliage of sycamore, from out of which they smiled; tall cactus plants, with crimson, goblet-shaped blossoms; lilies, gorgeous in the queenly unfolding of form and color—everything rich, lavish and wonderful met our eyes, feasted to fullness with this tropical luxuriance.

"That is my house," said my new friend, pointing to a low-roofed cottage, surrounded by a wide verandah, from whose clinging vines sweet odors were flung upon the soft atmosphere—but from the moment the words were uttered his geniality departed.

Within the cottage enclosure were walks, bowers and fountains. Chaste statuary was dispersed over the grounds with most charming effect. The house seemed almost a fairy structure, rising in the midst of flowers and foliage. And the man who sat beside me smiled merrily no higher than his lips—the dreamy, far-looking discontent in his eye growing every moment more perceptible—was the owner of the Eden-like home.

We were met on the threshold by a lovely child of some eleven summers. Her hair hung in curls. Her eyes particularly lustrous yet mournful in beauty, and on the young brow I seemed to see something—a shadow of sadness—an unchildlike quiet, as she greeted my new friend.

Dressed in pure white, she glided in before us, and to her was left the duty of entertaining me; while Mr. C., excusing himself in the remark that sickness necessarily called him away, for a half hour or so, left the room.

"Is your mother very unwell?" I asked of the little girl who, with those shadow-filled eyes of hers, was regarding me gently, but attentively.

"Yes, sir, mamma has been sick a long time," replied she, dropping her eyes, while her lips trembled.

"Did you come from America?" she asked timidly, after a long silence.

"Yes, my dear. Do you know anything of that country?" I returned, growing more and more pleased with her expressive face.

"Only that mamma came from there, and I think," she added, hesitatingly, "that I did. But Mr. C. will never let me talk about it."

"Are you then not the little daughter of Mr. C.?" I asked, somewhat astonished.

"I am my mother's daughter," answered the child, with a grave dignity in one so young—and a minute after she arose and quietly left the room.

I sat watching her white robes flitting through the long shady walk opposite my window, and knew that the child brooded over some dark sorrow, for her eyes were filled with tears.

Why was it, I questioned myself, that painful thoughts took possession of me as I sat there? It seemed as if I were sojourning in an enchanted spot, and that some horror was suddenly to break upon me.

At my side, nearly covering a beautiful table of letter-wood, were several costly gift-books. I took them up carefully, for I have a reverence for books—and turning to the fly leaf of a splendidly bound copy of Shakespeare, read—

"To Mary Francis F—, from her devoted husband, Henry E. F—."

A thrill of surprise and anguish ran from vein to vein. My thoughts seemed paralyzed. The truth had burst upon me with such suddenness that the blood rushed with a shock to my heart.

I knew Henry E. F—, had known him intimately for years. He was a friend, towards whom all my sympathies had been drawn, for he had seen such sorrow as makes the heart grow old before its time.

His wife, whom he loved, had deserted him. She had taken with her his only child. She had desolated a household; and forgetting honor, shame, everything that pertains to virtue and to God, had fled from the country with the man whose arts had won her wanton love.

How could I remain under this roof that now seemed accursed? How meet the destroyer of virtue—the fiend who had revelled in such a conquest?

I could only think of the evil they had done—not what they might suffer through the tortures of remorse. It was some time before the seducer came into the room where I still sat with the child, determined to meet him once more before I left the house.

O! how guilty! how heart-stricken his appearance! Remorse sat on his forehead—looked out from his eyes—spoke when he was silent.

"Will you come to dinner?" he asked. I hesitated. Should I partake of his hospitality—the hospitality of one of those fiends in human shape whose steps take hold on hell? I knew his guilt—why delay to declare it? Why not at once, in burning words, upbraid him for his villainy, and flee as from a pestilence his sin-cursed house? The man noticed my hesitation. He could not, of course, interpret its cause. As he repeated his request, the look of distress upon his face excited a feeling of pity, which, for the moment, slightly disarmed my resentment, and, under the influence of this feeling, almost unconsciously I passed into the dining room.

"I am sorry little Nelly's mamma—(I was glad he did not use the sacred name of wife)—is not able to sit down with us," he said. "It is many months since we have had her presence at our meals. She is suffering from the effects of slow fever, induced by the climate."

He added, gravely, as he motioned me a seat before him.

The table glittered with silver-plate. Obsequious servants brought on the most costly servers, delicacies such as I had never seen before.

But the skeleton sat at the feast. I could not talk, save in monosyllables. My host ate hastily—almost carelessly—waiting upon me with many abrupt starts and apologies.

Wine came. He drank freely. Soon he sent the little girl and the servants from the room, and seemed striving to nerve himself to conversation.

"You are from—city, I believe," he said nervously.

I answered an affirmative.

"Did you ever know a gentleman there by the name of H. E. F—?"

"I knew him, sir," I said sternly, looking the man steadily in the face, "and I know him also a ruined, heart-broken man."

With an ejaculation of anguish he put his handkerchief to his eyes. It would have seemed hypocritical, but the suffering on his face was unmistakable.

"Perhaps you have suspected then"—he began in a quivering voice.

Not calmly, but with the words of an accuser, I told him what I had seen, and thought, and felt.

"Sir," said he, in tones which I shall never forget, "if I have sinned, God in Heaven knows I have sinned; and if in F's bereavement he has cursed me, that curse is fearfully fulfilled! Poor Mary is dying—has been dying for months and I have known it. It has been for me to see the falling step—the dimming eye; it is for me, now, to see the terrible struggles of her nearly worn-out frame; it is for me to listen to her language of remorse, that sometimes almost drives me mad. Yes, mad—mad—mad," he said, in frenzy, rising and crossing the floor with long, hasty strides. Then burying his face in his hands, he exclaimed, "too late—too late—I have repented." There was a long pause, and he continued more calmly, "no human means can now restore my poor companion. Her moral sensibilities become more and more acute as she fails in strength, so that she reproaches herself constantly."

A weary mournful sigh broke from his lips, as if his heart would break.

"O! if he knew," he exclaimed again, "if he knew how bitter a penalty she is paying for the outrage she has committed upon him—he would pity her—and if it could be, forgive."

"Will you see her, sir?"

### I shrank from the very thought.

"She has asked for you, sir; do not deny her request. Hearing that you came from America, she entreated me to bring you to her. I promised that I would."

"I will go, then."

"Up the cool, wide, matted stairs, he led me into a chamber oriental in its beautiful furnishing, its chaste magnificence."

There, half reclining in a wide, easy chair—a costly shawl of lace thrown over her attenuated shoulders; the rich dressing-gown, clinging, and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made—sat one whose great beauty, and once gentle gift, had made the light and loveliness of a sacred home.

But now! O pity! pity!

The eyes only retained their lustre; they were woefully sunken. The blazing fire kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks, burned more fiercely, more holy, as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger—I could only say to myself, "Oh! how sorry I am for you!"

She knew probably, by her husband's manner that I was aware of their circumstances.

Her first question was, "Are you going back to America, sir?"

The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulchre.

"I told her that it was not my intention to return at present."

"Oh! then who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him! It is the only preparation I can make—and little enough, Oh, little enough, for the bitter wrong I have done them!"

"I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added a moment after, choking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I knew he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir, tell him my story—warn, oh, warn every body. Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours, these many weary years; oh, God only knows how deeply."

"Mary, you must control your feelings," said my host gently.

"Let me talk while I may," was the answer. "Let me say that since the day I left my home I have not seen a single hour of happiness. It was always to come—always just ahead—and here is what has come—the grave is opening and I must go to judgment. O, how bitterly have I paid for my sin. Forgive—O my God, forgive."

It was a solemn hour, that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to—she did not seem to join—or if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope, and but feeble faith.

Reader, the misguided woman of Caylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm-tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wide sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow warning in my ear—"Tell him my story! Warn, O warn everybody."

### BARKSDALE LAMENTETH.

Barksdale, the Mississippi, he on whose empty wig fell the heavy blows of Cadwalader, the gauntless, on that night when the statesman of Whippy Swamp fell headlong over the fist of Grow, the illustrious—Barksdale is grieved at his heart. Over the degeneracy and disgrace which have cast a dark shadow upon the sunny South, from the workshop of Douglas, he thus lifeth up his voice like a peltian of the wilderness:

Sorrow, shame, tears for the betrayed and humbled South! The pity of her friends and the dupe of her foes, she at times is made to exhibit herself before the world in an attitude so unenviable that it is sickening to look upon, and goes staggering along like a man bereft of reason and the noble attributes with which his Creator has endowed him, to the cruel destiny which her remorseless and insatiate enemies have declared shall be hers. Christ never poured more bitter tears over the wayward city of his love, than the patriot weeps over the blinded, deceived and unfortunate South. Look upon her! There she stands besieged by ever-active enemies without—betrayed by traitors within—torn by the dissensions of her sons—the prey of every evil and unclean passion that gets the mastery over men's minds.

### WHOM TO MARRY.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle, that may not be expected from her in whatever condition she may be placed.

Were I to advise a friend as to the choice of a wife, my first counsel would be "look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents."

The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behaviour, joined by the habits of duty and consideration, thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.—*Star.*

"Some one says of a certain congregation, that 'they pray on their knees on Sunday, and pray on their neighbors the rest of the week.'